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YOGI BEAR

YOGI BEAR

NO. 9
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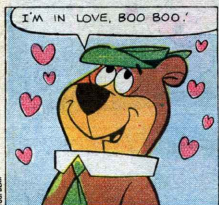
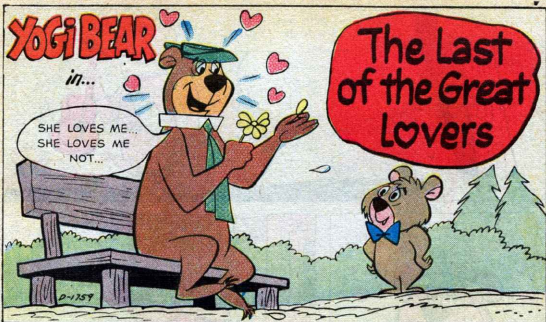
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**HOT
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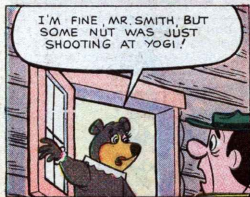
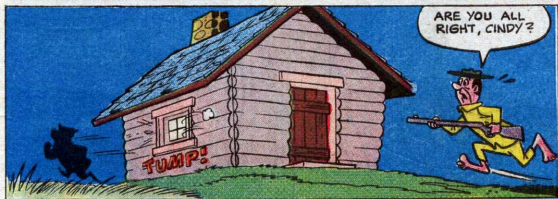


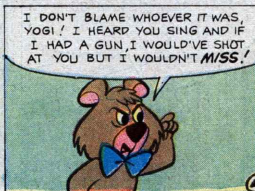
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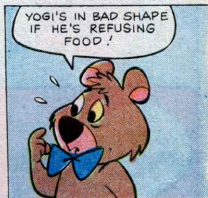
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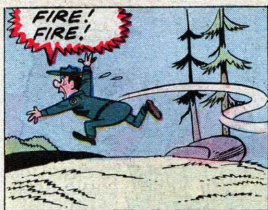


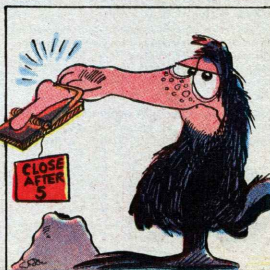
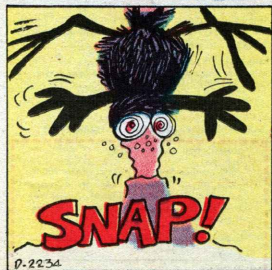
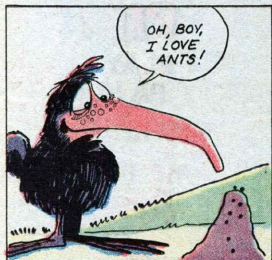
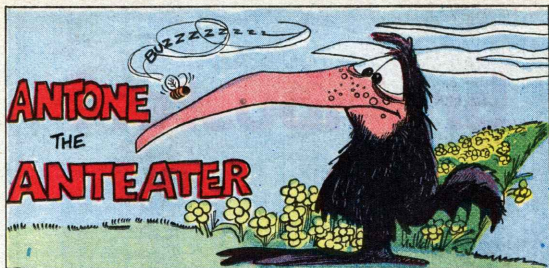
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YOGI BEAR

in WOMEN'S LIB

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT YOU LEAVING JELLYSTONE PARK, YOGI? AND WHAT'S ALL THIS MAIL?

THOSE ARE CINDY'S LETTERS, RANGER SMITH!



CINDY WENT TO A WOMEN'S LIBERATION CONFERENCE! NOW, SHE'S HOOKED!

WOMEN'S LIBERATION? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

DON'T YOU READ THE PAPERS? WOMEN'S LIB IS SPREADING EVERYWHERE!

WHAT ABOUT CINDY?



TELL ME MORE ABOUT IT LATER, BUT DON'T READ ALL THAT MAIL DURING WORKING HOURS!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT CINDY. SHE WAS ALWAYS SO FEMININE BEFORE...

"... HAVE NOTHING AGAINST YOU EXCEPT YOU ARE A MALE AND MY ENEMY."

KNOW WHAT BOO BOO? READING IS GIVING ME A GOOD APPETITE!

HEY, YOGI, HERE'S A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER!!



I'LL HELP YOU READ THE LETTERS, YOGI!



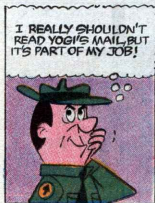
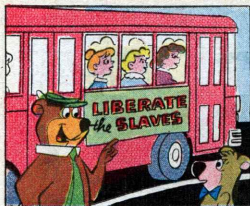
YOU SHOULD'VE READ THIS LETTER FIRST, BOO BOO! COME ON!

I JUST FOUND IT, YOGI!

THIS IS THE PLACE CINDY MENTIONED IN HER LETTER!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, YOGI?











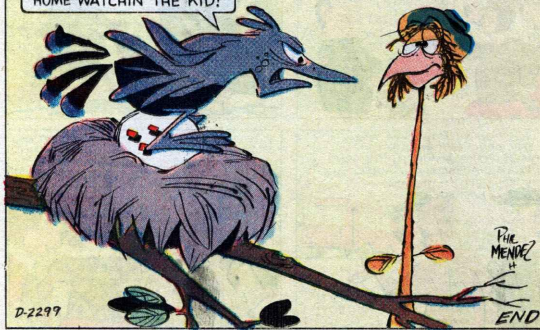
Chick-A-Boom



HOW DO YOU LIKE
THE COLORED EGG
I LAID?

I DON'T LIKE SPOTS!
HOW ABOUT
A PLAID ONE?

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME
OUT ONCE IN A WHILE?
I'M SICK AN' TIRED OF STAYIN'
HOME WATCHIN' THE KID!



PHIL
MENDEZ
II

END

BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

And such a pupil I had by the name of Michael Woods one term. His father was Dr. John Woods, a full professor of Psychology at the State University. His mother was Dora Woods, an editor of fashion magazines. They both knew that their beloved son was a genius. And when I got him in my class he did his best to show off his particular talent-catching teacher.

During the afternoon we had a twenty minute "free-time period." Michael Woods went to the blackboard and wrote the word "Ailurophobia" on the board. "What does it mean?" he asked the class. Not a single hand went up.

"It means fear of cats," he told the students. "There are people who are afraid of cats. Simple as all that."

Then he wrote the word "Astraphobia" on the blackboard. "What does it mean?" he again asked the class. And again, not a single hand went up.

"It means fear of thunderstorms," he said with a definite tone of arrogance in his voice. "It is shocking to see how little you, who are my classmates know." Then he wrote the following on the blackboard: "Erythrophobia."

Suddenly the hand of Elaine went up and she arose from her seat. "I know what that big word means. It means blushing. When my face turns red because I did something wrong and was found out, that's what it means."

This was an unexpected turn of events. He hesitated but a moment. Then wrote these two words upon the board: "Claustrophobia" and "Agoraphobia." Nobody knew what they meant. So he told the class that the first word meant fear of confined spaces and the second word

meant fear of large open spaces. As he returned to his seat he spoke to me:

"I am certain, teacher, that there is something new you have just learned."

There comes a time in any teacher's life when he has the desire to give a certain pupil a spanking. That was what was happening to me. There was a big ruler on my desk.

"You bet I have learned something new," I half shouted at him. "You are a nasty show-off and you need a lesson. The time has come for you to learn something new."

He ran out of the room and headed for the principal's office. I guess he must have changed his mind because a few minutes later he returned to his seat. He was mad. He was going to do his best to "show me up." And two days later came his chance. It was after our play period in the school yard. We walked around the block and passed a small church.

"Teacher," asked Michael Woods, "Do you know what those little things around the edge of that church roof are there for?"

"Of course I do," I smiled pleasantly at him. "They are just there for ornaments. Nothing else."

"You are wrong, teacher," he said loudly so that every student in the line could hear him rebuke me, "They are there to catch the snow so it doesn't fall off the roof. We have that on the roof of our home in the country."

"I am right and you are wrong," I snapped back. "I'll ring the bell at the rectory and I will let the pastor decide."

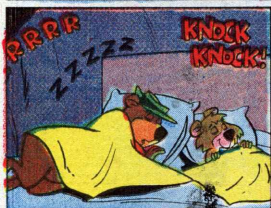
Which was what I did. And the Reverend James Morrison came out to greet me. I told him of the conflict of views. And pointed out the boy to him.

"Your teacher is right and you are wrong," he said rather sternly. "Originally they were ornaments for the grass. He bought a box of them at an auction and gave them to the church. As a matter of fact, he went up the ladder for five days and placed them there himself. I don't think young man that you realize what a wonderful teacher you have."

Know what Michael Woods did? He came up to me and said: "I'm sorry for the way I have acted. Gee, would you come to my birthday party? The whole class is invited." So we came and he was a new buy. Next time, more about what has happened in class.

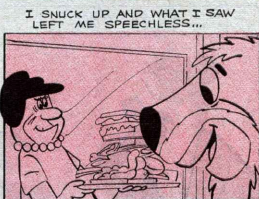
YOGI BEAR
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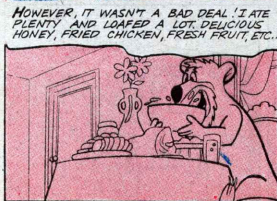
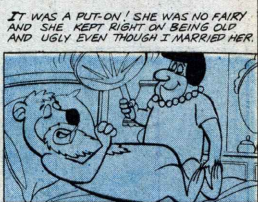
"A GRANDFATHER'S TAIL"













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